CAPTAIN AMERICA
THE SUB MARINER

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NO. 14 WINTER ISSUE 10¢

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# SUB-MARINER IN TWENTY MILLION MISSING!

THE FABULOUS FORTUNE STOLEN... FROM AN UNPENETRABLE VAULT! JEWELS THAT SPARKLE WITH A LIVING FIRE... AND YET BRING ONLY DEATH AND MYSTERY!... TO THE MURDERING GANGSTERS THESE GEMS ARE WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN BLOOD!... CAN SUB-MARINER SUCCEED AGAINST A CRIME RING AS RUTHLESS AS POWERFUL AS THE WEAPONS THEY USE? ONLY HE DARES TO CHALLENGE THE BANDITS AS HE DISCOVERS THEIR MONSTROUS THEFT!

AT WEALTHY MRS. VAN SCHYLER'S FLORIDA ESTATE, A PARTY HONORING THE MAHARAJA SHALIMAR TAKES PLACE...

PRINCE NAMOR, RODDY VAN SCHYLER!

HELLO, RODDY! IT'S SWELL TO KNOW YOU!

THANKS, BUT THE HONOR IS ALL MINE, YOU SEE, I'VE LOOKED FORWARD TO THIS MOMENT FOR A LONG TIME!

BETTY AND I ARE HERE AS GUESTS FOR THE WEEK END!

GOOD! WONDERFUL! PERHAPS YOU WILL HAVE TIME TO TEACH ME A FEW SWIMMING TRICKS... NOW, I'VE ALWAYS HAD TROUBLE UNDERWATER WHEN...

OH, OH, TIME FOR ME TO JOIN THE LADIES!

A LITTLE LATER..

THE MAHARAJA SHALIMAR!

MRS. VAN SCHYLER, THIS IS INDEED ONE OF THE GREATEST COMPLIMENTS EVER BESTOWED UPON THIS HUMBLE ONE!

THANK YOU, MAHARAJA YOUR GRACIOUS ACCEPTANCE TO MY INVITATION HAS NEVER BEEN EQUALLED... I SEE YOU ARE WEARING THE GREAT DIAMOND!

... I RARELY WEAR THE STONE BECAUSE OF ITS GREAT VALUE, HOWEVER, I FEEL PERFECTLY SAFE WITH IT IN YOUR HOME!

THAT IS FINE! WILL YOU COME ON THE BALCONY, I'D LIKE TO HAVE YOU MEET A BEAUTIFUL LADY WHO SOON GOES INTO HER DIVING ACT!

YES, MY HUMBLE SELF IS DRESSED WITH HIS FINEST STONE, THE PRICELESS RADIN DIAMOND!

SHERRIL DAWN, THE MAHARAJA SHALIMAR!

WHAT AN EXCITINGLY BEAUTIFUL STONE YOU WEAR IN YOUR TURBAN!

THANK YOU, MISS DAWN! YOUR BEAUTY, WITHOUT DOUBT, SURPASSES THAT OF THE STONE! WILL YOU BE SO KIND AS TO ALLOW ME TO GRACE IT WITH THIS BRACELET!

THIS, I BELIEVE, IS THE BEST PLACE TO WEAR IT!

WHAT A STUNNINGLY GORGEOUS CREATURE SHE IS! SUCH BEAUTY SHOULD WEAR ALL MY JEWELS!

THIS WATER IS SO CLEAR! MUST BE WONDERFUL TO HAVE THIS AS A PRIVATE SWIMMING PLACE!

BUT SUDDENLY JUST AS SHERRIL COMES OUT OF HER DIVE!

SNAP!

MY BRACELET WAS SNATCHED OFF JUST AS I CAME OUT OF THE DIVE!

THAT'S FUNNY. THE WATER IS VERY CLEAN...UNLESS YOU DOVE SO DEEP THAT YOU SNAGGED IT ON THE BOTTOM!

NO, RODDY, I TELL YOU IT FELT LIKE A HAND THAT GRASPED IT!

DON'T FRET, MY DEAR!... YOU WILL HAVE ANOTHER ONE SOON!

THANKS, RODDY! I'LL SCAN THE WATERS UNTIL I FIND HER BRACELET!

IF I KNOW YOU, YOU'LL BE NO TIME GETTING BACK WITH IT!

HA, HA, IS SUB-MARINER IN FOR A SURPRISE? SOON I GO INTO MY ACT AND THE TURBAN WITH THE STONE DIS-APPEARS IN THE SAME PLACE

SEE YOU IN A FEW SECONDS, RODDY!

WHEW! WHAT A DIVE!

I'VE BEEN DOWN HERE QUITE A LONG TIME AND HAVE SEARCHED THIS ENTIRE AREA VERY THOROUGHLY, BUT WITHOUT AVAIL. I RATHER BELIEVE MISS DAWN!... THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY STRANGE IN THESE WATERS!.. I'LL GO BACK UP NOW AND SAY NOTHING ABOUT MY SUSPICIONS!

A SHORT TIME LATER...

GEE! AND I THOUGHT SURE YOU'D FIND THE BRACELET!

SO DID I! I DON'T GET IT!

LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THE GUESTS HAS HAD TOO MANY!

BUMP!

'SCUSE (HIC) SIR! I'M ON MY WAY TO SEE (HIC) A MAN ABOUT A (HIC, HIC). WELL, TOODLE OOO

ON THE BALCONY THE MAHARAJA STILL CONSOLES MISS DAWN'S LOSS.

OHHH, THERE YOU ARE, (HIC) MAHARA(HIC)JA.. YOU KNOW I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE...

...A (HIC) MAHARAJA!... OH, YOU'LL LET ME BE A MAHARA...(HIC) THANKS!

STUPID! THAT IS NOT A PLAYTHING!

HERE! GIVE ME BACK THAT TURBAN!

OOPS! YOU KNOCKED IT FROM MY HANDS!

YOU FAT (BLINKET BLANK) CLUMSY FOOL DUMB OX!

TAKE IT EASY, MAHARAJA! THIS ONE ISN'T FAR AHEAD OF ME!

THERE IT IS AHEAD! I GUESS THE BRACELET IS HERE, TOO! AND I JUST HAPPENED TO MISS IT!

PARALYZED A FEW MOMENTS, SUB-MARINER COMES TO IN A SLIGHTLY WEAKENED STATE.

WHATEVER THAT WAS MUST HAVE MEANT TO KILL ME... THE TURBAN'S GONE!.. NOW I KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING MYSTERIOUSLY UNDERHANDED GOING ON!

I'LL REALLY COVER A LOT OF THIS TERRITORY AND SEE WHAT I CAN FIND!

HOURS LATER...

THOSE THIEVES ARE CLEVER! THEY MUST HAVE A HIDEOUT DOWN HERE I'M SURE. WITH DAYLIGHT MY CHANCES WILL BE BETTER!

THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO TO RECOVER THOSE JEWELS UNTIL TOMORROW, WHEN WE CAN SEND DOWN SOME DIVERS

THANKS (SOB)

WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL MORNING TO FIND YOUR TURBAN... WHERE IS THE MAN WHO DROPPED IT?

I DON'T KNOW... OH, MY PRECIOUS STONE! THE LIGHT OF MY LIFE!

MRS. VAN SCHYLER! PLEASE DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD... IF YOU CAN ONLY TELL ME WHO THAT MAN WAS IT WILL HELP RETURN THE DIAMOND.' I HAVE AN IDEA HE WAS PUTTING ON AN ACT!

I DON'T KNOW.' I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE.' HE'S GONE!

AT THIS TIME A DARK SEDAN BEGINS TO SLOW DOWN AS IT NEARS A HUT..

REACHING THE HUT A FAMILIAR FIGURE EMERGES FROM THE CAR AND RAPS ON THE DOOR.

ONE SECOND, BOSS!

KNOCK! KNOCK!

YOU BOYS DID A GOOD JOB, BUT SOMEHOW I DOUBT THAT YOU GOT SUB-MARINER WITH ONLY A BLAST OF RAY... HE'S TOUGHER THAN YOU THINK.'

OH, YEAH! HE SHRIVELED UP LIKE BURNING BACON.'

I HOPE SO.' WE'LL BE ON OUR GUARD FOR HIM ANYWAY.' ... TOMORROW, WE GET THE MAHARAJA'S TWENTY MILLION DOLLAR CHEST OF JEWELS AT THE CENTRAL VAULT COMPANY NOW, HERE'S THE PLAN...

EARLY NEXT DAY.

I WONT BE BACK UNTIL I CAN RETURN WITH THAT JEWELRY, S'LONG!

GOOD LUCK, PRINCE NAMOR!

A FEW HOURS LATER...

I'LL JUST HAVE TO BE PATIENT AND KEEP EXAMINING EVERY INCH OF THE OCEAN FOR SOME SIGN OF THEIR HIDEOUT!

OH, OH, A BARACUDA, AFTER A DIVER! HE HASN'T A CHANCE

MAYBE TOO LATE!

YEP, HE'S ALREADY TORN THE SUIT!

YOU BABIES ARE TOUGH! BUT I CAN ALWAYS GET YOU THIS WAY!

CRACK!

ALMOST LOST ME ON THAT TWIST, BARA-

NOW TO SEE IF THAT DIVER CONFIRMS MY IDEA ABOUT THE THEFTS!

SURE ENOUGH!... SPEED DIVING SUITS!..AND WHAT'S THIS...A RAY GUN!

JUST THEN ANOTHER BARACUDA APPEARS!

NO TIME TO WRESTLE WITH YOU! I'VE A LOT TO DO! LET'S SEE IF...

...THIS GUN WORKS ...YEP! IT SURE IS THE STUFF!

I'LL JUST KEEP THE GUN TO AVOID BEING DELAYED BY ANY MORE FISH!

IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT THOSE CROOKS OUGHT TO BE AFTER THE REST OF THE JEWELS AT THE CENTRAL VAULT COMPANY RIGHT NOW!

MEANWHILE AT THE GATES OF THE CENTRAL VAULT COMPANY.

OKAY, BOYS, GET SET!.. AND WHEN I SAY "GO" YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

GO!

GOOD! NOW THE FENCE!

THAT'S GOT THE ELECTRICITY KILLED IN THE FENCE! PULL 'ER UP, BOSS!

ENTERING THE GROUNDS THE THUGS FINISH OFF THE REMAINING GUARDS.

GOOD GOING, GUYS!... FAST NOW!.. BLAST OPEN THE VAULTS GET THE MAHARAJA'S CHEST AND LET'S SCRAM!

STEP ON IT, BOYS! THE POLICE WILL BE HERE IN NO TIME!

AT TERRIFIC SPEED THE THUGS TEAR DOWN ALONG THE EDGE OF THE BEACH..

A CLEAN GETAWAY, MEN, WE'RE NEARING THE SPOT! GOT YOUR SUITS ON?

YEAH!

PULLING PARTLY INTO THE WATER THE CAR COMES TO A SUDDEN STOP.

LET'S GET THAT CHEST INTO OUR HIDEOUT QUICK! AND LET IT COOL OFF THERE FOR A FEW MONTHS!

RIGHT BOSS, WE'VE GOT IT CINCHED NOW!

HOPE I'M IN TIME TO SAVE THE MAHARAJA'S CHEST OF JEWELS!

LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE BEEN HERE ALREADY!

CENTRAL

P.D.

TOO LATE, SUB-MARINER! ALL THE GUARDS WERE KILLED OFF AND THE CHEST OF JEWELS ARE GONE!

NOT FOR LONG THEY'RE NOT!

P.D.

TOO BAD ABOUT THOSE GUARDS, BUT I'LL GET THE KILLERS IF I HAVE TO TEAR UP THE WHOLE OCEAN FLOOR!

HERE'S THE LOCALITY WHERE I FOUND THE DIVER... OH, HERE WE ARE,... BUBBLES! MUST BE THEIR HIDEOUT! WE'LL SOON SEE!

YEP... THAT'S GOT IT!

BUBBLES CAUSED BY PUMP PULLING WATER OUT OF UPPER CHAMBER SO ENTRANCE CAN BE MADE INTO WATERLESS CHAMBER BELOW..

TAKE NO CHANCES THAT MAY BE SUB-MARINER ABOVE. WE GOT NO SIGNAL! GET YOUR HEADGEAR ON AND FIRE IF A RUSH OF WATER STARTS IN!

B-BUT HE'S DEAD!

THIS'LL DROWN THE RATS IF THEY HAVE THEIR HELMETS OFF! AND I HOPE THEY HAVE!

OH, OH, DUCKED JUST IN TIME!

SSSH!!!

THROW YOUR GUNS UP AND CLIMB OUT OF YOUR HOLE.....OR DROWN! YOU DON'T HAVE A CHANCE! I HAVE ONE OF YOUR GUNS AND CAN STAY UNDER-WATER MUCH LONGER THAN YOU CAN!

A FEW HOURS LATER...

WE CAN'T HOLD MORE THAN FIFTEEN MINUTES NOW, MEN...WE'D BETTER GIVE UP AND TAKE OUR CHANCES IN THE COURT!

YOU WIN, SUB-MARINER!

KEEP GOING, DON'T FORGET THE POWERS OF YOUR OWN GUNS!

HERE ARE YOUR MEN AND THE STOLEN JEWELRY, CHIEF! THE SPEED UNDERWATER SUITS AND RAY GUNS MAY COME IN HANDY TO THE GOVERNMENT AT THIS TIME!

GOOD WORK, SUB-MARINER!

FOR MORE THRILLS AND ACTION YOU CAN COUNT ON SUB-MARINER EVERY TIME IN MARVEL COMICS!

# CAPTAIN AMERICA

*MONSTRO!* THE NAME ALONE BRINGS A SHUDDER! WHO CAN STOP THIS SUPER MONSTER-MAN, AS WITH STRENGTH AND CUNNING HE SPINS A DIABOLIC WEB OF INTRIGUE WITH HIS JIGSAW PUZZLES OF DOOM? BUT BEFORE MONSTRO SLIPS HIS FINAL FATAL PIECE INTO PLACE, **CAPTAIN AMERICA** AND **BUCKY** PUT TOGETHER THEIR OWN JIGSAW OF COURAGE... AS THEY

Battle "MONSTRO THE MAD JAP"

IT'S AN AVERAGE DAY FOR STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES...WHICH MEANS THAT SERGEANT DUFFY HAS FOUND ANOTHER MENIAL TASK FOR OUR FRIENDS!

YOU TWO TAKE GUARD DUTY AT THE WICK-ARD WAR PLANT!

WHAT? NO K.P.?

WE'RE GET-TING UP IN THE ARMY AREN'T WE?

UP? OH SURE... HA HA!

HEY! I I DON'T LIKE THAT LAUGH!

I'M NOT TOO CRAZY ABOUT IT MY-SELF!

LATER... AT THE WICKARD WAR PLANT...

GRRR! GUARD DUTY FOR A BUNCH OF KIDS!

SARGE SURE PUT ONE OVER ON US THIS TIME!

OH SOLDIER, YOU'LL GUARD MY LITTLE ALPHONSE, WON'T YOU?

DAY NURSERY CHILDREN OF WORKING MOTHERS

MAIN PLANT

BUILDING

THE MISTRESS OF THE NURSEY SENDS THEM ON AN ERRAND....

HELLO SOLDIERS! I'M LEDA HALL! THEY'RE GIVING AWAY FREE GAMES AT THE GATE, WILL YOU GET SOME FOR MY CHILDREN!

WHY YES! YOU GO BUCKY!

NICE PATRIOTIC GESTURE FELLA! CAN I TAKE SOME FOR THE KIDS IN THE NUR-SERY?

HEY!

WICKA

FREE JIG SAW PUZZLES! FOR WAR WORKERS! PUT THEM TOGETHER DURING YOUR LUNCH HOUR!

DOGGONE NURSEMAID FOR A BUNCH OF KIDS! WHAT A LIFE!

NURSERY

MAIN GATE

THANKS!

NO! THEY ARE ONLY FOR WORK-ERS IN THE PLANT!

I SAW THAT MISTER! WHY CAN'T MY FRIEND HAVE ONE OF THOSE FREE GAMES?

STEVE! LOOK! HE'S A JAP!

BUT THE UNMASKED JAP QUICKLY FLEES....

LET'S GET HIM STEVE!

MAYBE WE JUST IMAGINED HE WAS A JAP BUCKY! I DIDN'T GET A GOOD LOOK AT HIM! ANY-WAY WE CAN BRING MISS HALL THE PUZZLES!

THANK YOU SO MUCH, MY CHILD-REN WILL ENJOY PUTTING THE JIG SAW PUZZLES TOGETHER!

YOU'RE WELCOME MISS!

MEANWHILE.. THE GAME VEN-DOR REPORTS AT SECRET SPY HEADQUARTERS TO HIS SUPERIOR---**MONSTRO!**

O, GREAT MONSTRO, TWO SOLDIERS INTER-FERED! TOOK SOME PUZZLES INTO NURSERY FOR CHILDREN!

**FOOL!** COULD YOU NOT PRE-VENT IT? IT IS BAD FOR AMER-ICAN SOLDIERS TO SUSPECT OUR PLANS!

BUT TWO MERE SOLDIERS MEAN NOTHING! IT IS CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY I REALLY FEAR! IN PREPARATION FOR THE TIME WE MEET I AM PUTTING TOGETH-ER THE JIG SAW PUZZLE OF THEIR DOOM!

BUT THOSE PUZZLES MUST BE RETRIEVED FROM THE NURSERY! LEST YOU BUNGLE AGAIN... I'LL DO IT MYSELF!

--AND AS NIGHT SHADOWS FALL AND THE NURSERY EMPTIES OF CHILDREN----

THE LITTLE DARLINGS HAD SUCH FUN WITH THE JIG SAW PUZZLES TODAY! THEY'LL FINISH THEM TOMORROW!

THEY'LL NEVER FINISH THEM!

WH-WHO ARE YOU? I'LL SCREAM!

NO! MY PRETTY MY HOOK WILL REACH YOUR THROAT FIRST!

BUT THE BRAVE GIRL HASTILY FLINGS JIG SAW PIECES IN THE FIENDS FACE!

WHA..?

HELP! HELP!

OUTSIDE... STEVE AND BUCKY HEAR THE CRY!

EEEE HELP HELP

THAT'S MISS HALL!

...AND WASTE NO TIME TAKING UP THEIR ROLES AS CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY!

NURSERY

AND SO MONSTRO STRIKES! YOU WILL NEVER KNOW THE SECRET OF THE JAPANESE JIG SAW PUZZLES!

EEEE

NO YOU DON'T!

PACK

EH?

SO ALREADY THE FAMOUS CAPTAIN AMERICA OPPOSES ME! I KNEW THAT SOONER OR LATER WE WOULD MATCH WITS AND BRAWN!

COME ON! DO YOUR WORSE!

HERE IT IS! MY HOOK! AH-H-H!

POW

NO GOOD! NOW YOU TRY MY LEFT HOOK!

HO HO! WE'LL MEET AGAIN CAPTAIN AMERICA, TO YOUR SORROW!

HE'S GETTING AWAY!

IT **WOULD** BE A DARK NIGHT! CAN'T SEE A THING OUT THERE!

NO USE CHASING HIM BUCKY!

BUT WHAT DOES IT ALL ADD UP TO? FIRST CAME THE VENDOR AND NOW THIS MONSTRO-- BOTH SEEM TO THINK THESE JIG SAW PUZZLES VERY IMPORTANT!

**AW GEE!** DON'T CRY MISS HALL! IT WAS AN AWFUL SHOCK, BUT NOW HE'S GONE!

SOB! SOB!

THE **SALT TEARS** MUST HAVE BROUGHT UP THOSE INVISIBLE LINES! THEY ARE PART OF A DESIGN, I'LL PUT A FEW MORE PIECES TOGETHER!

...AND THEN BUCKY MAKES A DISCOVERY!

**HEY CAP! LOOK!** LINES ARE BEGINING TO FORM ON THE BACKS OF THE JIG SAW PUZZLE!

CAPTAIN AMERICA QUICKLY PUTS TWO AND TWO TOGETHER!

I THINK I SEE! THIS PUZZLE WAS PUT TOGETHER OVER THE CHILDS DRAWING! THE UNDERSIDES OF THE JIG SAW PIECES ARE A **SENSITIZED PHOTOGRAPHIC MEDIUM!** THUS THE PUZZLE PICKS UP ANY LINE UNDER IT AND SALT WATER MAKES THEM VISIBLE!

A KIDS DRAWING CAME UP- BUT WHY?

GET IT BUCKY? MONSTRO SENDS **FREE** JIG SAW PUZZLES INTO THE PLANT--THEY PICK UP DESIGNS OF IMPORTANT AMERICAN WEAPONS-THEN HE GETS HOLD OF THE PUZZLES AND COPIES OFF THE MILITARY DESIGNS!

COME ON BUCKY! WE HAVE TO ROUND UP THE REST OF THE JIG SAW PUZZLES IN THE PLANT BEFORE MONSTRO GRABS THEM!

MEANWHILE...WORKERS IN THE PLANT CLUTTER AROUND THE PUZZLES DURING REST PERIODS!

THIS GOES HERE!

BOY! THIS IS FUN!

X-2-8 - BOM DLA

AS THE LAST PIECE SLIPS INTO PLACE--

WHAT'S THIS! MADE IN JAPAN?

WHAT?

JAP

MADE IN A

MADE IN JAPAN! THROW THE FILTHY THINGS OUT! WE DON'T WANT TO SOIL OUR HANDS WITH ANYTHING COMING FROM HIROHITO!

INTO THE GARBAGE CAN WITH THEM!

BUT OUTSIDE THE WINDOW LURKS MONSTRO HIMSELF!

HO HO! JUST AS I PLANNED! I KNEW THEY WOULD TOSS THEM OUT! AND NOW THE PUZZLES HAVE TAKEN IMPRESSIONS OF IMPORTANT WEAPONS!

BUT CAP AND BUCKY, MAKING THE ROUNDS OF THE PLANT, COME UPON THEIR ENEMY!

CAPTAIN AMERICA!

WE'RE ON TO YOUR GAME MONSTRO! YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY WITH THOSE PLANS!

FOOLS! MY HOOK THIRSTS FOR BLOOD!

I BROUGHT THIS BOARD ALONG PAL, JUST TO GET YOUR HOOK CAUGHT!

GOOD WORK BUCKY!

AGAIN I MUST USE **WITS** AGAINST SUPERIOR **BRAWN!** AH YES! THIS ASH CAN!

HO HO HO! A TIN HAT FOR YOUR WOODEN HEAD MY DEAR CAPTAIN!

OOF!

AND HERE'S YOUR BOARD BACK, BRAT!

SWAT

OW!

WHAM

AND A FEW SECONDS LATER

I HATE TO ADMIT IT CAP, BUT HE MADE ME LOOK AWFULLY SILLY!

THAT'S NOT ALL, HE GOT AWAY WITH THE JIG SAW PIECES WITH IMPORTANT SECRET BLUE PRINTS ON THEM!

SO! WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIS HIDEOUT- BUT HOW IS THE QUES- TION!

WAIT! HE LEFT SOME SCATTERED PIECES! MAYBE THERE'S A CLUE IN THIS!

BUCKY SORTS OUT THE JIG SAW PIECES

HM.! WHERE HAVE I SEEN THAT PICTURE BEFORE? I'VE GOT IT.! I SAW THESE PUZZLES DISPLAYED IN THE WINDOW OF A STORE ON VASSY STREET!

AND A SHORT WHILE LATER...

THERE IT IS CAP! THE SAME SCENE!

RIGHT! BUT HOW TO GET IN!

SHOP

JIG-SAW PUZZLES

LET'S TRY THE ROOF BUCKY!

GOTCHA CAP!

NOVELTY SHOP

BUT MEANWHILE INSIDE....

PERFECT.! THE BLUE-PRINTS OF THESE NEW AMERICAN WEAPONS.. WHICH I'LL SEND TO TOKIO AT ONCE!

AND NOW I HAVE TIME TO WORK ON MY JIG SAW MASTERPIECE!

I HAVE PLANNED THE DEATH SCENE OF CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY, FOR A LONG TIME AND I SHALL MAKE IT HAPPEN VERY SOON NOW!

GOOD! WE SHALL MAKE SPORT WITH AMERICAN SWINE!

YES-S!

WELL, HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO TRY, MONSTRO!

CAPTAIN AMERICA!

AT MONSTROS SIGNAL, HIS HENCHMEN ADVANCE ON CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY

BUT THIS IS PERFECT! CAPTURE THEM ALIVE MEN!

READY BUCKY?

WAHOO!

WITH ALL THE POWER OF HUMAN CANON BALLS, CAP AND BUCKY SMASH INTO THE JAPS!

AIEE! IS EARTHQUAKE!

WAHOO!

YIPE!

CRACK

OO

AAii

FIRST WE TAKE 'EM APART, THEN WE PUT 'EM TOGETHER!

THEY CERTAINLY MAKE AN INTERESTING JIG SAW PUZZLE!

POW

BAM

ZOK

YOW

HEH HEH HEH!

BUT ONE PIECE IS MISSING! THE BIG CHEESE HIMSELF!

WHAT'S HE DOING AT THAT SWITCH?

AS MONSTRO WORKS THE SWITCH-A STEEL CAGE DESCENDS FROM THE CEILING---

WHA?

A STEEL CAGE!

HO HO HO! LONG AND LOVINGLY HAVE I PREPARED THIS TRAP FOR YOU!

HO HO! THESE CLAMPS FASTEN THE CAGE SOLIDLY ON TO THE FLOOR SO YOU CAN'T TIP IT OVER!

TRAPPED!

OKAY- YOU'VE GOT US MONSTRO! WHAT'S THE BAD NEWS!

SIMPLE ELECTROCUTION! THIS CAGE LEADS BY WIRE TO AN ELECTRICAL CONTROL BOX!

WHEN I INSERT THIS LAST PIECE OF MY JIG SAW PUZZLE INTO PLACE, YOU WILL DIE WRITHING IN AGONY!

AND AT THE SAME TIME IT WILL ALSO SET OFF AN ELECTRIC SPARK AND BLOW UP THE WAR PLANT!

YOU SEE, MY MEN PREVIOUSLY PLANTED DYNAMITE CHARGES AT THE PLANT! WIRES FROM THERE LEAD HERE! **YOU AND THE PLANT WILL BOTH GO SKY HIGH!** YOUR WAR PLANT WILL NEVER PRODUCE THOSE WEAPONS, BUT OURS IN JAPAN WILL, WHEN I DELIV-ER THOSE BLUEPRINTS!

LOOK CAP! HE'S PUTTING THE LAST PIECE INTO PLACE!

WELL, I GUESS THIS IS ONE TIME WE DIDN'T DO SO WELL!

...AND THE FATAL PIECE OF THE JIG SAW OF DOOM FALLS INTO PLACE...

HO HO HO! HERE GOES MY TWIN KILLING! HO HO HO!

...BUT THE TRAGEDY FAILS TO OCCUR!

WHA...? NOTHING HAPPENED! WHY HASN'T THE ELECTRICITY KILLED YOU?

WHEW! WHAT DO YOU THINK SAVED US?

AS MONSTRO INVESTIGATES, CAP LASHES OUT...

MUST BE A LOOSE CONNECT-ION, UGGGGGG!

I'VE GOT HIM BY THE THROAT BUCKY! QUICK, GRAB HIS KEYS!

YEAH, MAN!

OPEN CAP?

RIGHT!

R-RIP!

THERE! THAT BREAKS THE CONNECTION TO THE DYN-AMITE AT THE WAR PLANT!

BUT HERE COMES MONSTRO, WITH BLOOD IN HIS EYE!

RECOVERING, THE ENRAGED BEAST MAN OF NIPPON, ATTACKS FIERCELY!

ELECTRICITY HAS FAILED BUT MY HOOK WON'T!

CLANG!

DUCK BUCKY!

YE OW!

YOU BRAT! YOU HAVE NO SHIELD!

AS CAP STRIKES— THE IMPACT OF HIS BLOW DRIVES MONSTRO INTO THE ELECTRICAL SWITCHBOARD!

ONE SHIELD WILL DO FOR FOR BOTH OF US RAT!

A SEARING HIGH VOLTAGE SEARS THROUGH THE IRON HOOK INTO THE DOOMED BODY OF MONSTRO!

AAAiiii!!

YEOW! HE FELL AGAINST THE SWITCH-BOARD!

LOOK CAP! HERE'S THE ANSWER! THAT FINAL PIECE DIDN'T SLIP INTO PLACE! IT WAS THE ONLY THING THAT SAVED US!

MONSTRO WAS SO BUSY GLOATING OVER HIS TRIUMPH, HE GOT CARELESS!

DEAD! BY HIS OWN HIDEOUS CON-TRAPTION! BUT WHAT SAVED US BEFORE IN THE CAGE!

THE END.

# HILL-BILLY TACTICS

FROM the screen of the woods Steve peered across the valley. There seemed to be nothing out there—nothing unusual, at any rate. Grass and flowers and the hot sunlight between drifting clouds.

"Nice," Steve murmured, turning back to where Eddie and Zeb waited. Zeb had sprawled his long body out on the ground, arms folded under his head. "Hey," Steve growled, "if the C.O. could see you now—"

"Hang the C.O.," Zeb growled, lifting his head to peer at his companions. "Trouble with you guys is you worry too much 'bout what people think. In this man's army—"

"You've caught blazes so often," Eddie chuckled, "I guess it doesn't make much difference."

"Never did," Zeb growled. "Shucks, if a guy can't be comfortable, what's the use of living?"

"You're in the army now," Steve pointed out.

Eddie moved uneasily, peering into the shadows of the woods. The sound of bird songs came to them, the hum of insects. "Some scout patrol," Eddie observed. "We're out looking for the other guy—"

Zeb sat up, removed his shoes, knotted the laces together, slung them over his shoulder. "Come on," he growled. "We'll git a-goin'. We'll work 'round to that hill yonder."

* * * * *

ZEB led the way, lanky body stooped as he moved along the trail winding uphill. Steve had to grin as he watched the tall mountaineer. He'd given the company more than one laugh, although it had been tough on Zeb more than once. He couldn't get used to sleeping under a netting. He "allowed" the "skeeters" wouldn't bother his tough carcass. He didn't like shoes and never passed up a chance to take them off. He stuck to army rules and regulations when anyone of importance was around. After that . . .

From the hill-top they could see up and down the valley for miles. Steve could see nothing, even through the field glasses. He looked at Eddie and Zeb.

"We can circle back to the west," Steve said. "If we keep moving, we can be back in a couple of hours. If we don't, we're going to get lost."

"We're goin' t'other way," Zeb announced grimly. "I jest seen a guy over on t'other side. Kind o' like to meet up with him. Didn't look friendly to me. Better we find him 'fore he does us."

"Where?" Steve and Eddie peered out, eyes searching the country spread out before them. Eddie snorted, "There's no one out there."

Zeb turned to stare at the speaker with mildly surprised blue eyes. "You couldn't see nothing effen it was at the tip of your nose," he observed quietly. "Danged good thing I'm along."

* * * * *

STEVE felt excitement inside him. He hadn't seen anything out of the ordinary. Of course, Zeb's eyes might be keener. Zeb had always claimed he could see things no one else could. For that matter, he usually patted himself on the back for a lot of his out-of-the-ordinary attributes. But to the rest of the company, there'd never been anything startling in what Zeb did, unless it was to take off his shoes and go around in bare feet.

Once again Zeb led the way, long legs carrying him up the hill tirelessly. Later the trail dipped down into a valley and near the bottom, the air became cool and sweet smelling. It had clouded over. Rain was not far off. As they moved along Steve felt uneasiness quickening inside him. It was almost as if they were being watched. And still peering into the darkening shadows of the woods he could see nothing.

The trail led across a small clearing. Halfway to the other side, Eddie suddenly cried out softly and his body started to crumple! The sound of a muffled shot sounded from the hills.

"Zeb!" Steve yelled. "Look out—"

Zeb's lanky body exploded into action. "Duck, son!" he snarled. "Into the woods!"

Swiftly he snatched up Eddie's wilted body, whirled and flung himself across the clearing. Once more there was the muffled sound of a shot, but they reached the covering of the woods in time.

Calmly Zeb worked down into a gully. Over in a niche under the brow of a cliff, he put Eddie down on the ground, tore the clothing away from his leg.

"Not bad," Zeb growled. "Here, Stevie. You can take care of Eddie while I go look for that dirty varmint!"

It wasn't too bad, but Eddie would need a doctor's care, Steve discovered. Eddie stared up into the gathering shadows of evening over them. Rain was pattering softly into the leaves.

"It—kind of took the wind out of my sails," Eddie said between clenched teeth. "What're we going to do next?"

"Wait till Zeb gets back," Steve answered. "Then get out of here . . . if we can. I don't mind admitting I don't know where we are right now. Zeb's got me all tangled up—"

"And he's off somewhere looking for the guy who plugged me. What if he doesn't come back? What if the other guy sees him first? What if Zeb gets—shot?"

Steve steadied himself, forced a grin. "We'll get back, but it's going to be tough for you. Walking is out. . . . Ah, here comes Zeb!"

The lanky mountaineer moved swiftly toward them, his face grim and hard, his eyes alert.

"Couldn't find hide nor hair of anyone," he admitted, crouching down. "How's Eddie?"

"Okay," Eddie answered. "You know where we are, Zeb?"

* * * * *

THE big man nodded. "Reckon so. We've gotta do something about the varmint who plugged you." His eyes burned with an angry blue light. "He's right here in the hills somewheres. I ain't going back till I bag 'em. So we'll have to bunk here a while."

"Eddie needs a doc," Steve warned. "He can't stay here long. It'll be raining in here later. Down in this gully—"

Zeb crawled away. A moment later light flickered down the gully a ways. Peering through the gently falling rain, Steve saw Zeb had started a fire out of twigs and branches. Steve started forward anxiously—

Swiftly Zeb came back, crouched down beside them. "It ain't gonna help you none, Eddie," he growled. "You just keep covered up warm and try to rest. Here's my jacket." Zeb grinned as he spread it over the wounded man. "Never liked the danged thing nohow. Now you two just stay put till I git back—"

"If there's a sniper around," Steve snarled suddenly, "he'll be sure to see the fire and know where we are. Are you crazy?"

"Mebbe," Zeb chuckled. "You two stay put till I come back."

* * * * *

THE dark quickened and later the fire went out. Steve felt relieved, as he crouched on the ground, rifle in hand, listening to the sound of the wind, the patter of rain. They were sheltered in here, but it was damp, chilly. Once a twig snapped off in the woods and instantly Steve's tired body jerked into alertness. Cautiously he moved out into the gully, along it and back. He could see nothing, heard now only the patter of rain, the restless passing of the wind.

Eddie slept fitfully and his forehead was hot. Zeb didn't come back, and uneasiness grew inside Steve. He didn't dare sleep, although he could have without any effort. Later in the night Eddie's fever seemed to break and he finally slept soundly.

At last grey light crept into the gully, and a little later, Zeb came up the gorge to them, trailing a couple of saplings behind him.

"We've gotta make a stretcher for Eddie," Zeb said grimly. "Then we'll start back."

"What happened?" Steve stood up, stretched cramped legs. His eyes felt bloodshot, tired.

"I dunno yet," Zeb admitted. "We'll see later."

They got the litter ready and shifted Eddie gingerly onto it, started out of the gully. The trail wound uphill slowly. The earth under foot was soft and their steps made no sound, but Steve kept a close watch ahead of him. They rounded a bend, and abruptly he stopped short, staring.

Something was hanging there before him — a body swinging slowly in the wind and rain, suspended by a thin rope running up into the stooped top of a heavy sapling—

"Hey!" Steve cried hoarsely. "Look, Zeb. Hanging there—"

"Push on," Zeb ordered in a growl. "That's the guy who plugged Eddie. Musta been sneaking along this trail into the gully. Probably saw the fire or mebbe smelled the smoke. That was the bait I used. He was after us when he ran into trouble!"

"Trouble!" Eddie repeated, twisting his head to stare at the thing swinging slowly in the wind. "You mean—"

"I used to snare all kinds of varmints back home," Zeb growled, as they pushed on along the trail. "It ain't something you learn in the army, but it come in mighty handy last night!"

THE END


**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933**

of All Winners Comics published quarterly at Meriden, Conn., for October 1, 1944.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Martin Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the All Winners Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Western Fiction Publishing Co., Inc., 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Editor, Jean Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Managing Editor, Martin Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Business Manager, Martin Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Western Fiction Publishing Co., Inc., 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Martin Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Jean Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) MARTIN GOODMAN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1944.

(SEAL) SYLVIA FIEGEN.

(My commission expires March 30, 1945.)

# The WHIZZER

THE TWIST AND HIS MOB OF MURDEROUS CUT-THROATS PIT THEIR CUNNING AGAINST THE LIGHTNING-LIKE WITS AND SPEED OF JACK ROBINSON, BETTER KNOWN AS THE ----WHIZZER, KING OF SPEED---

IN THE "KIDNAPPER'S FOLLY"

INSIDE AN ABANDONED FARM HOUSE, NEAR MID-TOWN...

OBSERVE GENTLEMEN, THIS DIAGRAM! THE COMPLETE LAY-OUT OF THE MELTON ESTATE! FOLLOW IT CLOSELY AND WE CANNOT FAIL!

IT LOOKS SLICK, TWIST! THIS SNATCH SHOULD BE A CINCH!

YEAH! IF IT WASN'T FOR ONE THING! AIN'T WE FORGET-ING DA WHIZZER!

SAY, LUGGER'S GOT SOMETHING THERE!

I'M AWARE OF THAT, AND I HAVE MADE THE NECESSARY STEPS! NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS....

...AND THAT SAME EVENING AS MELTON LOARD PREPARES TO RETIRE....

MARSTER... OOOOOOOO

WHAT'S THIS? RELEASE ME INSTANTLY!

SHUT UP, OR YOUR NAME IS MUD!

WE GOT THE OLD BIRD! NOW WHAT?

THROW HIM IN THE CAR! WE'LL DRIVE HIM TO THE FIELD WHERE THE PLANE IS HELD READY FOR US! GLIB, YOU'LL PUT THE SECOND PART OF OUR PLAN INTO EFFECT THE PART DEALING WITH THE WHIZZER!

SOME MINUTES LATER IN A MID-TOWN TELEPHONE BOOTH....

I GOT A HOT TIP FOR YOU, WHIZZER! TWIST AN' HIS MOB JUST SNATCHED MELTON LOARD! THEY'RE HEADIN' FOR A PLANE THEY GOT WAITIN' AT THE OLD POLO GROUNDS! SO-LONG, WHIZZ, OLE PAL!

...AND IN JACK ROBINSON'S APARTMENT, A LIGHT-NING CHANGE, AND....

THE OLD POLO GROUNDS, EH? THAT'S TWENTY MILES OUT ON THE SHORE ROAD! QUITE A JAUNT... EVEN FOR THE WHIZZER!

MEANWHILE, AT THAT VERY SAME MOMENT, TWIST AND HIS MOB HAVE REACHED THE FIELD WITH THEIR VICTIM....

NOW REMEMBER, GENTLEMEN! IF WE'RE GOING TO BEAT THE WHIZZER AT HIS OWN GAME, SPEED! WE'VE GOT TO HAVE PERFECT TIMING! ARE YOU READY?

WHILE THE WHIZZER IS SPEEDING TOWARDS THE FIELD... CAN HE MAKE IT BEFORE THE PLANE TAKES OFF?

THAT TIP MIGHT BE A PHONY! BUT I CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES!

HI, WHIZZER! WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!

SO I SEE!

SO LONG, WHIZZ, BE SEEING YOU SOMETIME! HA-HA-HA!

I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO STOP YOU, BUT JUST TRY TO SHAKE ME OFF! YOU'LL HAVE TO COME DOWN FOR FUEL SOME TIME!

...AND AS WHIZZER FOLLOWS THE PLANE...

HA! HA! WHIZZER THINKS WE'RE IN THE PLANE WITH MELTON! WHAT A SURPRISE HE'S IN FOR!

AMUSING, EH? LEAVE IT TO ME TO OUT-WIT HIM! WHILE HE'S CHASING THE PLANE WE'LL BE SNUG AS A BUG IN OUR HIDE-OUT!

YEAH! BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN HE FINDS HE'S BEEN TRICKED?

I'VE PREPARED FOR THAT ALSO! MEAN-WHILE WE'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO ARRANGE FOR MR. LOARDS'ER RAN-SOME! I'VE SET-TLED ON A HUNDRED THOUSAND AS THE FIGURE!

WHEW! A HUNDRED THOUSAND BERRIES! WE'LL LIVE ON PLUSH FOR A LONG TIME WITH THAT!

MEANWHILE, WHIZZER HANGS DOGGEDLY ON THE TRAIL OF THE RACING PLANE----

SOUNDS LIKE THE PLANE'S DEVELOPED MOTOR TROUBLE! NOW THEY WILL HAVE TO LAND! AND WHEN THEY DO, OH, BROTHER!

..AND IN THE PLANE...

SAY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THIS CRATE? IT'S SHAKIN' LIKE A PAIR OF DICE!

MOTOR TROUBLE! WELL HAVE TO LAND, AND WHIZZER'LL BE THERE TO MEET US!

THE WHIZZER QUICKLY LEARNS HE'S BEEN TRICKED....

TRICKED! MELTON WASN'T EVEN ON THE PLANE! WELL, THEY'RE NOT GOING TO GET AWAY WITH THIS!

OH! OH! WE'RE IN FOR IT NOW!

START TALKING! WHERE DID THE REST OF YOUR MOB TAKE MELTON LOARD?

I'LL TE-TE-TE-TELL YOU! THE OLD CRAG FARM NEAR MID-TOWN!

WHIZZER BEGINS THE LONG TREK BACK TO MID-TOWN...

I HAVE THE ADVANTAGE NOW! THE MOB STILL THINKS I'M CHASING THEIR DECOY PLANE ACROSS THE COUNTRY! WHAT A SURPRISE THEY'RE IN FOR!

BUT TWIST HAS EXPECTED THIS, AND HAS A LOOK OUT WATCHING FOR WHIZZER---

HEY, TWIST! WE'RE GETTIN' COMPANY! THE WHIZZER!

AND WHAT A RECEPTION IT IS.... FOR AS WHIZZER TRIES TO ZOOM THRU THE OPEN DOOR OF THE FARMHOUSE HE'S ENTANGLED IN A FLEXIBLE SHEET OF TRANSPARENT MATERIAL...

YOU GRINNING MONKEY'S! I'LL— HEY....?

WELCOME, MY IMPETUOUS FRIEND! WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!

WELL, WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE!

YOU ARE STAYING RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE! IN FACT IT WILL BE YOUR PERMANENT ABODE! ONE MUST EAT TO LIVE YOU KNOW AND YOU ARE HARDLY IN A POSITION TO HELP YOURSELF....

SOMETIME LATER, THE CONTACT MAN ARRIVES WITH THE RANSOME MONEY AND THE MOB PREPARES TO LEAVE...

GO ON! YOU INTEREST ME STRANGELY!

MEANWHILE, WE WILL COMPLETE THE RANSOM ARANGEMENTS! THE CONTACT MAN WILL BE HERE ANY MOMENT AND WE'LL HAVE JUST ENOUGH TIME TO MAKE THE NINE O'CLOCK PLANE TO MEXICO!

THE MONEY'S ALL HERE! TAKE LOARD AND HIS CONTACT MAN OUT TO THE CAR! WE'LL DROP THEM IN THE STICKS ON OUR WAY TO THE AIRPORT... THEY'LL NEVER FIND THEIR WAY BACK HERE!

OKAY, TWIST, C'MON YOU!

TOO BAD I CANT STAY AND KEEP YOU COMPANY! BUT OUR PLANE IS WAITING AND YOU WOULDN'T WANT US TO MISS IT, WOULD YOU?

HA! HA! NOW WHO'S BEING AMUSING?

SO I HAVE THREE MINUTES TO GET OUT OF THIS FLY-TRAP AND CATCH THOSE CROOKS? I WONDER....

WHIZZER MANAGES TO GAIN HIS FEET-----

NOW LET ME SEE... I CAN'T WALK! I KNOW, I CAN WHIRL LIKE A TOP AND---

SPINNING LIKE A TOP, WHIZZER WHIP-WHIRLS AROUND THE SHARP CORNERS OF THE STOVE IN THE CABIN! THERE IS A RIP AND---

THAT DOES IT AND NOW, MY FAST FLYING FRIENDS, WATCH OUT FOR THE WHIZZER!

R-R-R-RIP!

MEANWHILE, TWIST AND HIS MOB ARE BOARDING A PAN-AMERICAN CLIPPER...

BOYS, WE CAN REALLY CELEBRATE NOW! PLENTY OF MONEY AND MEXICO WAITING FOR US! AH, MEXICO, LAND OF DARK-EYED SENORITAS! WHAT'S UP WITH YOU, GLIB?

DUNNO! I HEAR A BUZZIN' SOUND! ALMOST LIKE THE---

WHIZZER!

SURPRISED TO SEE ME, TWIST, OLD BOY? I JUST DROPPED IN TO PAY A LITTLE DEBT! THIS IS FROM ME TO YOU!

AND I THOUGHT I'D BE ABLE TO RETIRE!

YOU WILL! BUT THE STATE, NOT, MELTON LOARD'S RANSOM, WILL PAY YOUR EX-PENSES!

THE END

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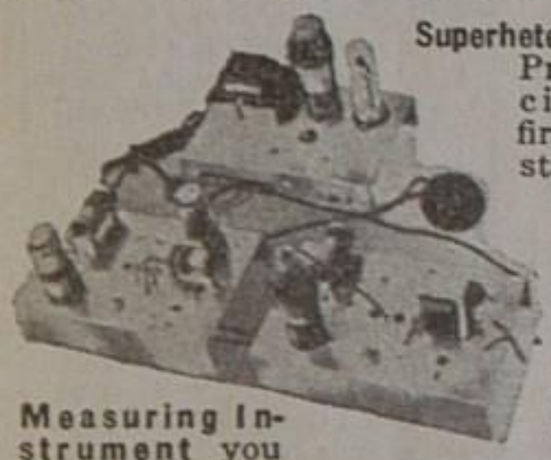

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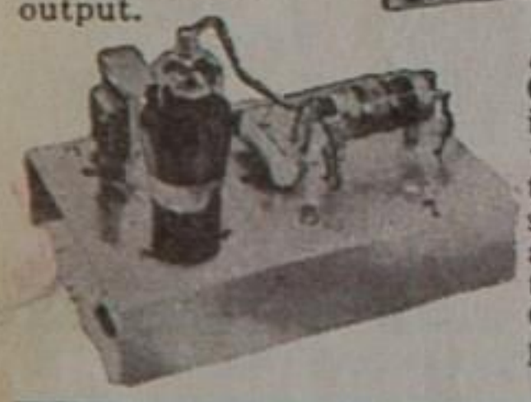

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